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*A LETTER from a SWISS Gentleman to the Keeper of
the MUSEUM.*

On ENGLISH LIBERTY.

SIR,



Foreigner will always perceive many Things
in the Manners of a Nation in which he
resides, not easily to be accounted for, nor
suitable to the Prejudices of his own Mind.
For this Reason, you will not be offended,
I presume, if a Native of *Switzerland* venture
to send you some Remarks of this Kind upon
the *English* Nation. I have liv'd many Years
in *England*, and am so much habituated to its Interests and
its Ways of Thinking, that it is only the Effect of Inquiry
and cool Reflection, if I ever think myself out of my native
Country, at *London*. I hope I do not, by saying so, affront
Vol. II. X the

the Genius of *England*; or dishonour any of those noble Prerogatives, of which your Countrymen are so justly proud. I myself was born in a Land of Liberty: and tho' in the little Aristocracy, of which my Father was a Member, the People are not so much their own Masters as in *England*; yet our Governours are frequently chang'd, our Manners simple, and the Property of private Men absolutely secure. By which Means, our Minds are preserv'd from those servile Prejudices, which the *Government of a few* is otherwise apt to engender. It was therefore natural for me to be not a little delighted, at my first coming to *England*, with that Sense of the publick Liberty which prevails in all Ranks of Men. Yet I soon imagin'd that there was Cause rather to blame, and the Experience of many Years has confirm'd me in blaming, the general Notion of *English* Liberty.

Liberty is taken, by the *English*, in too large a Sense: in a Sense indeed that can hardly be call'd unnatural; because it would be the true one, in a State of Nature; but in a State of Civil Government, it is improper and unsocial. The favourite Construction which your Countrymen put upon the Word, is a Power of doing just as they please, and a Freedom from all Restraints, except what their own Understandings or Consciences think fit to impose. Hence it may be observ'd, that tho' your People are passionately fond of the popular Part of the Constitution; tho' nothing is more common than to hear Men of all Ranks talk the Language of Republicans; yet in truth, you are one of the Nations in the World, to which a true Republican Government would be most intolerable. A Republick cannot stand but by a most rigorous and inflexible Execution of the Laws. It must not endure private Men to oppose their insolent Humours to the Decrees of the State. In such a Government, what would become of the Thousands of *Englishmen*, who are this Moment in Taverns, in Coffee-houses, at Gaming-tables, in Popish-chappels, in unlicens'd Theatres, in Smuggling-boats, in the Streets a-begging, and in many other Places, of about many other Practices contrary to the Laws? Your own mix'd Constitution, which must necessarily be the most lax and indulgent in the World, is, by reason of that very Imperfection, the only one to which the People of *England* could submit; at least under their present Customs and Prejudices.

I am not going to prefer any Form of Government, now in *Europe*, to the *English*. I know of none which deserves to be compar'd with it. A plain Proof of its Excellence, is the

the mighty Power to which it has rais'd its Subjects. A Power, much greater than the natural Strength of *England* could otherwise have acquir'd. The Evils which I have in my View, are only of an accidental, subordinate Kind; such as proceed from a general Negligence and want of Respect to the Laws and to the other Ruling Powers of the State. Yet these may in time be attended with the very worst Consequences; and I have found several sensible Men of late, referring, to this Cause, the Weakness and Instability of some very important Transactions. And it is perhaps the principal, if not the only Obstacle, which prevents, and will prevent the *English* Nation from attaining the perfect Enjoyment of Civil Society. Any Attempt to check and expose it, will therefore, I hope, be favourably interpreted by those who love their Country.

Political Liberty is valuable, either on account of the external Advantages which it produces and secures; or for its good Effects on the Minds and Manners of a Nation. If we examine the *English* Notion of Liberty in both these Respects, we shall, perhaps, find it to be wrong in both.

In the State of Nature, particular Men were constantly liable to Injuries, from such as were stronger or more cunning than themselves. For this Reason, Individuals were forc'd, in their own Defence, to unite in a common Interest, and to submit their several Powers to the common Good of the Association. This common Good was not left to the Judgment or Decision of a single Man, or of any small Party of Men; for in that Case, they must have been tempted to withdraw their Attention from the common Good, and to make Use of the Society only as a Means of securing their own selfish Happiness. To prevent this, proper Agents were appointed, who could have no Interest to pursue but that of the whole Community, in order to establish such Rules of Action, as were most conducive to the publick Welfare. The collective Body of Individuals intrusted their personal Concerns to these delegated Powers, and agreed to acquiesce in what they should establish. But when any single Man substitutes his private Fancy or Humour, in the Place of these legislative Powers; he breaks in upon the very Foundations of Society; and as far as in him lies, reduces the State to a meer Number of Individuals, who accidentally live in the same Neighbourhood; for he contradicts and falsifies that Agreement, by which alone they became a Body Politick. It is no Exaggeration to say, that the mistaken *English* Notion of Liberty must infallibly end in

this Consequence. Perhaps indeed it will never be push'd, in real Life, to such an Extreme, and is not generally suppos'd to involve this Consequence; which must indeed stand at a very great Distance from any *particular* Act of Civil Disobedience. Yet every Act or Omission, proceeding from such a licentious Way of thinking, does nevertheless produce many real and immediate Ills to Society. For whether I act positively against the Law, or forbear doing what the Law enjoins, I certainly invalidate its Force, as far as both my Power and Example reach. It would be a ridiculous Affront upon the National Wisdom, to suppose Laws in general to be unjust, or inconvenient to the Publick; and yet if many of them were really so, this *dispensing* Humour in private Men must still do Evil; because such an Infraction of the Legislative Authority, has a worse Tendency than any particular Law can have. On the contrary, if the Law were just and useful, no Individual can dispense with obeying it, without injuring the Rights of other Individuals; or, which is worse, without defeating, in some Measure, the publick Utility, as far as that Law provided for it. Thus in *England*, the Wisdom of the Legislature is disappointed of half its Ends; and we see, every Session, useful Acts of Parliament demanded and voted with the greatest Eagerness, and as soon as the Parliament rises, or sooner, overlook'd, slighted, and forgotten.

Another ill Consequence of this kind of Liberty, is much more obvious, and more directly noxious to the Welfare of a State. Where the private Citizens have got a Habit of obeying the Laws, no further than suits their own private Convenience, they necessarily lose much of their Zeal and Attachment to the Publick. That this Assertion is true appears from all History. The *Lacedæmonians*, for about six hundred Years after their Polity was establish'd by *Lycurgus*, retain'd the most superstitious Attachment, not only to the fundamental Laws of their Constitution, but to every little Custom that had the publick Sanction. Instances might be produc'd of this, to an astonishing Degree. As long as this dutiful Submission continued, a *Lacedæmonian* had hardly any other Passion than publick Spirit. But when, in a more acute Age, private Citizens allow'd themselves to question the Expediency of their publick Regulations; when the Soldier that had serv'd in *Asia*, took upon him to think it unreasonable that he should part with all the Riches he had acquir'd, and not enjoy them in his native City; when the young Gentleman that had travell'd to *Athens*, was wise enough to laugh at the old-fashion'd Exercises and homely

Diet

Diet of *Lycurgus*; then did the *Lacedæmonians* soon get rid of all their Patriotism and publick Spirit. The same Thing happen'd in ancient *Rome*. For Mankind are always attach'd to any Object, in Proportion to the Frequency of their Con-
versing with it; and whatever makes the Commonwealth familiar to our Reflection, will habituate us to those Affec-
tions and Virtues which relate to it. On the contrary, we cannot much love what we scarce ever think of; and how does an *Englishman* think of the Laws, or of the Publick, when he sits soberly down to a Diversion which the Laws prohibit, or when he enters upon a publick Office without ever charging himself with any publick Duty? It is not a little mortifying to me, to see *England* outdone in this Respect, by a People who know not Liberty, and who, consequently can scarce be said to have any Country. It is not the meer Terror of despotick Power, that makes *France* so punctual in every publick Matter. They have got a moral Principle of publick Spirit; an absurd one indeed, and shameful to Human Reason. But it nevertheless wins a Sanction from their own Hearts, to cloak the Necessities of their servile Condi-
tion; and the *Glory of the King* has good Effects among them, which a Relation to the wisest and most mag-
nanimous People upon Earth, and a Property in the noblest Constitution of modern Ages, cannot produce among the Subjects of *England*. I should not dare to speak so freely on this Side of the Question, but for my high Opinion of *English* Candour; and because I am sure that most of your Readers will subscribe to my Censure.

WILLIAM TELL.

A VISION.

AMONG the various Complaints, by which Mankind discover, at once, both their Imperfections and Unhappi-
nells, there are none more common, than that they still meet with Vexation and Disappointment, how cautious soever they may be to prevent them. They seem mighty well inclin'd to remove all Blame from themselves, and are not unwilling sometimes to accuse Providence in the Government of the World, which they think might be managed to much better Advantage. They would have the Order of Things inverted, and even the very Elements subservient to their Pleasure, which, perhaps, is plac'd only in some vain Imagination, or
irregular

irregular Caprice. The Truth is, we are very apt to deceive ourselves, by pursuing every loose Desire, and wandering Appetite, and while we think we are laying a sure Foundation of Happiness, for want of sufficient Knowledge, we spend our whole Labour in vain, and build all our Hope upon the uncertain Objects of Fancy. Thus we reject the natural and proper Satisfaction of our Kind, Temperance, Faith, Honesty, Generosity; and embrace Luxury, Treachery, Ambition, Covetousness; yet sometimes even in the Pursuit of these false Images of Happiness, our better Genius prevails, and we are led by an unseen Power to the Enjoyment of our truest Good, and real Happiness.

As I was carried by a Course of Thinking into these Reflections, the Moon began to shine into my Window, which was open in Summer, accompanied with a numberless Variety of twinkling Stars, which diffus'd their Beams all over the Firmament. The silent Majesty of the Night, and the Fullness of the Moon, together with those innumerable Drops of Light, which seem'd to be scatter'd thro' the infinite Spaces of the Skies, in a kind of beautiful Confusion, fill'd my Mind with an agreeable Admiration of the Deity.

As I contemplated the Stillness of the Night, and the Silence and Repose which were diffus'd over all the wide Prospect, I was insensibly seized with a gentle Slumber, in which I had the following Vision.

I found myself upon an high Hill, around which was the most beautiful Prospect I had ever seen. The Country all about was cultivated in the best Manner, and distinguish'd with Gardens, Vineyards, Olive-yards, and Fields of ripe Corn, scatter'd up and down in the Valleys; and by the side of Hills, were Villages, with a great many Churches and Temples of Religion; at a Distance as far as I could see, was the Ocean, upwards from which my Eye follow'd a large navigable River; and upon it's Banks, an Imperial City adorn'd with Towers, Temples, and lofty Palaces. I had immediately a great Inclination to go forward to that beautiful City, which seem'd to be the Queen of many Nations. Before me, at the Bottom of the Hill, were three Ways, one on the Right-Hand, which led down thro' Rows of gay flourishing Lime-Trees into a flowery Meadow, which seem'd to be extended as far as I could see. On the Left-Hand, exactly opposite to the former, was another Path, which seem'd pretty much us'd, and yet was horrid, and rough with Thorns and Briars, which were laid over the Way. Rocks and Precipices, and dark Caves and frightful Passages seem'd to make a Journey

a Journey that Way very uncomfortable. Strait before me was the third Road, not so wide as the two former, nor so much us'd, which yet seem'd to lead directly to the City, whither I was desirous to go. As I was very anxious which of the three Ways to take, I saw, at a Distance, in the strait Road, a Person of a good Appearance, whom I did not yet discover to be Man or Woman. As I drew nearer, I found she was of the Female Sex. She walk'd slowly, and with an even compos'd Pace. Her Mein was noble and majestic, her Drefs neither mean, nor pompous: She wore a long white Gown flowing down to her Feet; it was gathered to her Waist with a Purple Zone; and fastened with a Buckle of Gold: Her Habit was healthful, her Look serene, with a Mixture of Gentleness and Severity, such as the old Poets have described in *Minerva*. Her Arms, one of which was all bare, had neither a delicate Softness, nor a disagreeable Roughness, but were round and strong, and seem'd as if they were sometimes exercis'd in Labour. Her Hair was gather'd behind her Head in a Knot, and the Ends that were not bound, flowed loosely down, and just fell upon the Top of her Shoulders; she had the Parazonium in her Right-Hand, and a Golden Bridle, and Pair of Compasses of the same Metal in her Left. I felt myself surpriz'd with an inexpressible Pleasure, and that kind of Reverence, which is mixt with Joy and Approbation, at the Presence of this amiable Lady. I attempted to speak, but was seiz'd with a trembling Fear, which stop'd my Tongue; when VIRTUE, for now I knew her by her Drefs and awful Behaviour, perceiving the Condition I was in, gracefully advancing, prevented me, and spoke after this Manner.

I know, says she, you are going to the Temple of *Contentment*, tho' your Curiosity leads you to that City, which you see before you at a Distance. I saw you coming down the Hill, and made Haste to you, lest you should take either of the other Ways, which would have disappointed you. That Way, continued she, pointing to the Left-Hand, leads to *Danger*, thro' gloomy Vales and rugged Passages. Thither the Malicious, Wrathful, and those who are hurried by violent Passions are carried; and that Way too Melancholy brings her Votaries to the Regions of *Despair*. This Way, pointing to the Right, Pleasure with Gaiety, Luxury and Lasciviousness, leads thro' smiling Groves, and Walks strew'd with Flowers. The Beginning is pleasant, but the End destructive. It leads a large Circle, thro' Mazes and Labyrinths, and at length comes into those dismal Places, whither the Left-Hand Way

Way goes by a shorter Journey. PLEASURE, herself, usually sits at the Entrance, and entices the Imprudent and Unwary, by fair Promises and alluring Speeches. She has a thousand Arts of Deceit, by which she courts Men to their Destruction. She is familiar and bold with those whom she thinks she can conquer, but dares not attempt the Wife and Confederate, among whom I am glad to find you chusing the middle Way to *Contentment*. Here, an Authority, with which she spoke, and the Consciousness of my own Imperfections, encreas'd my Fear, which gave her Occasion to proceed thus. Be not surpriz'd, said She, nor fear any thing from me; I am the Sister of that Religion, which came down from Heaven about two thousand Years ago, to teach Mankind the Way thither. It is for her I am here, to shew you the Way to Happiness; follow me, and tho' you will meet some Difficulties, be assur'd you shall overcome them all, and find your Journey easy and delightful: *Her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace*. By this Time, I began to recover myself, and take Pleasure in the Conversation of my amiable Companion. And now the Birds began to sing, the Sky was clear, and the Heat of the Sun was secluded by high Trees, which over-shaded the Walk. As we went along, I began to shew some Inclination of going towards the Right-Hand, farther into the Grove, when my Guide, looking seriously upon me with some Concern, bid me beware going too far that Way alone, for it would lead me down to the Paths of PLEASURE. But if I had a great Desire of seeing a little farther into the Grove, she would attend me willingly. As she said this, she led me down a long Walk, at the End of which was a Marble Statue with two Faces, one looking each Way. This, she told me, was *Indifference*; and here, says she, we must stop. Then, pointing with her Hand, she shew'd me, at a Distance, a rising Ground set out in Gravel Walks and Parterres, with Fountains between, and Rows of Trees all around. Soft Breezes wafted sweet Odours all over the Place, and little *Cupids* flew over the Walks, or lay hid among the Flowers. In the middle was a young Man dress'd fantastically with Silk and Ribbons; his Head was Crown'd with a Chaplet of Flowers, and he was follow'd by a Company of beautiful Nymphs, dancing disorderly to soft Airs and wanton Musick. They did not continue long, but went off into the Walks, which led to the Vale of PLEASURE. I would fain have follow'd them, but my Guide snatching me by the Arm, led me back again; and crossing the middle Way, we descended into a close Valley, surrounded with black Woods, at
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the farther End of which, was a dark Cave, which Nature had form'd out of the hanging Rocks, that seem'd to have their Tops broken and ready to fall; at the other End of this dismal Cavern, where we came again into open Air, was a vast Lake, whose Waters were black and immoveable. And now, methought, the Face of Nature was changed on a sudden. The hollow Winds whistled among the broken Rocks, and instead of that pleasing Brightness and Sunshine, which I observ'd before; the Moon now was seated high in her Meridian, and gave an obscure Light, which was partly stopp'd, and partly admitted, thro' the Cloysters of an old ruin'd Monastery. Under the Cloysters I saw a Woman in the Dress and Habit of a Nun, sitting upon a Grave-Stone; she had her Eyes fix'd upon a little Stream, which murmur'd at her Feet, and seem'd as if she listen'd to the Tolling of a Bell, which was heard from a great Way off over the long Lake. I could not observe that she mov'd at all, but sat in the same Posture all the while we walk'd by, without taking any Notice of us; I was much concern'd, and had not my Guide reprov'd me, I think I should have sat down, and stay'd with her; who, taking me by the Hand, led me back again into the same Place in the middle Way, from whence we first declin'd. She saw I was solicitous to know what could be the Meaning of such excessive Joy in one Place, and so much Sadness in the other; and after she had given me such Marks of Favour, as might encourage me to hear her with Attention, she thus began.

That Person, says she, whom we saw first, attended with Nymphs, with so much Jollity and wanton Mirth, was *Gaiety*; the sorrowful Person was *Melancholy*. They are neither of them, you see, far remov'd from the Way that leads to *Contentment*.

But the former is apt to run too far in the Paths of Pleasure, and when once he gets beyond the Temple, that had this Inscription over the Entrance, "*To the unknown God,*" he forgets Religion, without which it is impossible ever to arrive at Contentment, and deviates into Atheism.

Melancholy, on the other Hand, is full of Superstition, and by the Force of a certain Gloominess of Temper, is sometimes seen to wander farther into the Horrors of the Wood, towards the Mansions of Enthusiasm; and contrary to Atheism (who believes nothing is to be attributed to God and Providence) continually fills her Imagination with ghastly Spectres and hideous Forms of Deity, and will sometimes torture herself, as if she thought the Supreme Being was de-

lighted with the Unhappinefs of his Creatures. But do you (fays ſhe, looking ſtedfaſtly upon me) remember, that tho' theſe two different Ways ſeem not much ſeparated from the middle Path of Virtue, yet they lead to Places very far diſtant, and both at laſt end in Miſery. " Search your own Heart " diligently, and think often upon theſe Things. I ſee you " have that ſocial Principle ſtrongly impreſs'd upon your " Mind, of being pleas'd with accommodating yourſelf to the " Genius and Inclinations of others, and being mov'd with " Correſpondent Diſpoſitions. But even this, however good " in itſelf, and tho' it be the Source of much Satisfaction, " muſt yet be carefully attemper'd and well-regulated, leſt " by encreaſing your Pleaſures it confound your Reaſon. " Have Courage therefore (fays ſhe, raiſing her Voice) and " throw away both your too great Complaiſancy, in being " join'd with others in their Mirth and Pleaſures, and alſo " all immoderate Concern for their Miſfortunes, and take " Care of your own Steps, while you follow Me up this " Hill."

With theſe Words encourag'd, I reſolv'd to follow, tho' the Way ſeem'd very ſteep and difficult. After a ſhort Labour at the Beginning, and as ſoon as I had reſign'd myſelf to my Guide, with a willing Reſolution to climb up the Hill, I perceiv'd myſelf more eaſy than before, and trod, as it were, upon a Plain; when liſting up my Eyes, I found the Mountain was remov'd. Not far before us the Temple of *Contentment* roſe upon a Row of Marble Pillars of the *Dorick* Order. As we approach'd the Temple, I was touch'd with a ſecret Pleaſure and Satisfaction, which I had never felt before, (it was greater than you receive from reading the Verſes of *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*; and more than is perceiv'd in the ſublime Demonſtrations of *Newton*.) The Temple itſelf was ſituated on a riſing Ground, and every Thing about it was fill'd with the moſt agreeable Delight. The Trees were intermix'd in the Plains, without any Order, but that, in which Nature had planted them; while the little Birds fung in their Branches, and clear Rivulets water'd their Roots. The Sun ſhone with an unuſual Brightneſs, and varied the Trees with a chearful Verdure. There was a ſquare Court before the Temple, and on each Side a Walk, which fac'd the Front of a Statue of white Marble; on the Left-Hand was *Exerciſe* with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver full of Arrows at her Shoulder. On the Right-Hand was the Statue of *Contemplation*; her Looks were erected towards Heaven, and in her Hand was a large Book, and upon the Back of it was written
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in Letters of Gold, "THE BIBLE." Over the Door of the Temple was this Inscription, "In the first Place worship God." Thro' the Vestibule we came into a large round Hall, the Walls were white and clean, but unadorn'd. At a convenient Distance, were plac'd here also, two other Statues of white Marble; one of *Wisdom*, the other of *Good-Nature*. A Marble Arch divided this Room from the next, which form'd another Front to the Temple; over the Arch was written in Golden Letters, "*Know thyself*;" over the Door of the Front I also read, "*Dare Stranger to despise Riches*." As I was standing before this Front, which lay open as the other to a large square Court, I spy'd an old Man with a great Number of Bags under his Arm; some were fasten'd to his Girdle, with the Weight of which he could scarce walk. His Countenance was much distorted with Care and Anxiety. He came slowly forward, and as he drew nearer, I perceiv'd him to be *Covetousness*. As he stood at a small Distance from the Door, he look'd up with Pain, and read the Inscription, which he had no sooner done, than I observ'd his Visage was distorted into a thousand horrid Forms; and after having carefully counted all his Bags, and tied them faster, he went away with great *Uneasiness*. As the old Man was going off, he was met by another pale Man, and almost naked, except only a few tattered Rags, which were tied about his Waist. His Name was *Poverty*. He cast an envious Look upon the old Man with his Bags, and without coming any nearer to the Temple, went back into the gloomy Vale of *Despair*. The next that appear'd was a very beautiful Lady, in a gilt Coach with six very fine Horses; she was dress'd in a rich Brocade, with Diamonds and Jewels: She was of mean Extraction, but had married a Duke for the Sake of his Title; her name was *Pride*. She offer'd herself very gracefully to a venerable old Man, who stood on that Side the Temple to admit Strangers. He desir'd her to discontinue her Attendance, and further explain'd to her the useful Inscription written over the Arch within the Temple. Upon this, casting a scornful Smile, she order'd her Coachman to drive away. To this succeeded three Female Companions. They advanced with equal Steps, and seem'd to have the Similitude of Sisters. Their Gesture was decent and compos'd, their Countenances open and easy, and their whole Behaviour graceful and amiable; one of them had a Cornucopia in her Hand, and was call'd *Benevolence*; the other two were *Temperance* and *Cheerfulness*. They desir'd Admittance with a peculiar Modesty, and a certain Air of Satisfaction, which shew'd

they could not be refus'd: Accordingly they went into the Temple, and were placed among the Few who had been before admitted. Here I felt an unspeakable Satisfaction, which arising from the Sense of my own Happiness, and of those who were with me in the Temple, broke forth into the following Rhapsody.

Hail, happy Fields! Delightful Plains! Fit Mansions of the Good and Wise! And you, ye sacred Groves, all hail! Gladly I now approach your peaceful Shades, and tread your blissful Walks with secret Joy, while in deep Contemplation, calm and compos'd, yet with soft Raptures fill'd, in Thought serene, I view an unmix'd Beauty diffus'd over all your Regions; and reflecting on the Gladness you inspire, adore the Genius of the Place. Hail, Sovereign Good! Supreme Cause! Sole Author and Creator of whatever is good and amiable! Thyself all Love! who deignest to unveil thyself here in thy Works, and with communicated Grace makest every Thing seem lovely. From thee the clear transparent Streams flow down the Hills, watering the fruitful Plains: The Trees from thee receive their various Green, smiling with chearful Verdure; whilst innumerable Birds sing joyous in the Branches. The Groves resound with Harmony! The Heavens shed down their purest Influence! and vernal Airs awakening all the secret Powers of Nature, unfold the swelling Buds, and fill the Heart of Man and Beast with Gladness! Great Light of Heaven! thou Image of original Brightness! how gladly I behold thy Beams! With what amazing Progress dost thou spread invigorating Heat and Genial Life, widely diffus'd thro' all thy spacious System! And like the all-bounteous Mind that form'd thee, pourest thy soft Light, and kindly Warmth on all! The Just and Unjust alike partake thy Beams, yet with different Effects; by these thy Beauties are unseen, thy Charms unfelt; while those, exalted by thy all-enlivening Rays, ascend to Heaven their proper Seat, and viewing the eternal Spring of Light, confess their Beams deriv'd from thence, and own with Joy thine and their great Creator. Hail, Sovereign Good! Supreme Cause! with thee my Thoughts begin, with thee shall end; for they too are deriv'd from thee; thy Workmanship, Almighty Artist! Thou Author and Disposer of Mankind! thee they acknowledge and invoke, owning thy Power as universal as thy Goodness; who thro' the dark and intricate Ways of this frail State leadest us to Life immortal! Thy Providence is conspicuous in the Order of the World, where each Thing, well-proportion'd, agrees in the same Design, conspiring to promote the Beauty and Perfection of the Whole. Thou unconfin'd to Place,

Place, giv'st Grace and Harmony to all Things; this universal Frame, this spacious World thy Temple. In a small Part of which, beauteous tho' small, thou hast plac'd Man, thy inferior Priest, to offer up his joyful Praise, and mov'd with Gratitude to adore thy Goodness; till rais'd by thy all-forming Care, and cherish'd by thy bounteous Favour, he, by degrees, advances to an higher Place, still rising nearer to Perfection; whilst fitly with just Order and unerring Laws thou distributest to him here the various sorts of Pain and Pleasure; till chastened and subdued to purer Joys, he may, at last, be attracted to thyself, and satisfied with thy Perfections: "For in thy Presence is Fulness of Joy, and at thy Right-Hand are Pleasures for evermore."

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

Ite procul, Musæ, si nil predestis.

TIBULLUS.

IT is very seldom we see a Person of Abilities and Genius, but who in his Youth was either a Poet, or Lover of Poetry. At that time, when Fancy is luxuriant, we naturally fly to the Muses, and put ourselves under their Protection, imagining that we are safe in the Notion of Female Aid and Intercession; and in a manner applying ourselves to the Gallantry of Criticks, rather than their Reason. Besides, there are very few young Genius's but may succeed in the *Descriptive*, tho' they can lay no great Pretensions to the more useful Poetry of Sense; and these Descriptions are read not without Pleasure, as they discover the Dawnings of the Mind, which, like those of the Morning, have a still cool Pleasantness, tho' not the more powerful and overcoming Heat of the Day. I would not be suspected, by the Motto at the Top of my Paper, to have any Design of degrading Poetry.—No, she will never want Advocates; and as she has been held sacred in every Age, so we cannot but deem those sacrilegious who ever shall attempt to rob her of the Honours she has been collecting from the remotest Times 'till now. I would only observe with what ill Consequences she is attended, when link'd to us as a *Wife*, rather than accidentally made use of as a *Mistress*. I was led into these Thoughts by a Letter from a cholerick old Father concerning a Son of his, who was so much attach'd to his Poetry, that he refused to engage in any active Course

Course of Life. The old Gentleman seems to be a Person of good Sense—but somewhat too hasty.

S I R,

I Cannot imagine what this blockheadly Son of mine means: He has offended his Mother, and all his Relations, by an idle Love of Verses; and I gave him as good an Education as my Circumstances could allow, with a Design of putting him to some Profession.—I believe the Youth is mad—at least I'm sure he will make me so.—What d'ye think, Sir? T'other Day I ask'd him—Son *John*, says I, after the Care I have taken to give you good Learning, you should now think of making Use of it to get you some Money. Well, what will you do? Where will you go? The young Dog answer'd me as compos'd as could be—*Whither the Fates ordain*; and then quoted me a Heap of *English* and *Latin* Verses to the same Purpose. I take a Walk with him sometimes by our Brook, and thro' the Woods, with a Design to make him think, if I can:—But it is all to no Purpose; for, as soon as he sees it, he cries *Thou pretty purling Brook*—and then wishes he could live in a Grotto in the Wood, and there, forsooth, cull the Blackberries, and listen to the *Notes of Philomela sweet*.—What Bird he means by *Philomela*, I can't tell—but this I know, that if he will not work, he will have nothing to eat—but the Blackberries he seems so fond of. This is his Discourse, Sir, like a silly Girl that has read nothing but Romances all her Life-time:—So that do but think, Sir, how wretched I am, and how much more so he is;—for he scarce knows the Names of the commonest things, which every Servant in my House can tell; and, whatever he thinks of it, younger Brothers must shift.—However, if you will put a Line or two upon this Subject into your *Museum*, for we always take it in,—or touch up my Letter, (for, to tell you the Truth, I don't pretend to write so as Folks may see it) you will oblige,

Your humble Servant,

CHREMES.

This Son, *Chremes* complains of, must certainly be in a very bad Situation, and especially as he is likely to continue insensible of it; and as it is necessary in the Diseases of the Mind as those of the Body, that Feeling should precede the Cure, it would be impossible to determine whether the Cause

of *Trophonius* might be of any Service to him, in this State of ridiculous Levity: It would certainly injure him greatly, if it should not succeed; since it would afford a large Subject for Poetical Ejaculations. No Advice can be of any Service to him; for his Mind is too soft to receive any solid Impression, and, when awake, perceives in the same manner as others do asleep—they view a Groupe of Appearances, some of them pretty, perhaps, but all inconsistent. This, indeed, would never be the Case, were sound Sense the constant Attendant on Poetry; but as it is not, I must beg Leave to say, that it is, at best, a very weak Foundation to build upon; and will, unless supported by Reason and Truth, make as fantastick an Edifice as the *Chinese* Houses appear to be by their own Paintings. The Rich, it is true, have two Arguments to urge in their Favour,—Leisure, and an easy Fortune;—but *Chremes's* Son seems likely to have so little of the latter, that he will have scarce any of the other.

It is well known, how assistant towards raising a Reputation and a Fortune is Difficulty of Circumstances:—It adds a Spur to our Endeavours, and puts all our Faculties in Motion;—the Effects of which, as Experience can assure us, frequently have and always should center in the Advantage of our Country: So that we find that our Fellow-Citizens in particular, and all Mankind in general, have some Right in those Actions which a too great Attachment to Poetry might prevent. The learned World would have had great Reason to lament, if *PLATO* had continued his Poetical Studies; of which, Authors assure us, in his Youth he was very fond. And the Republick of *Rome*, as well as that of Letters, would have suffer'd an infinite Loss in *TULLY*, if his Sense had not got the better of his Poetry.—A very unequal Conflict, indeed!

I would not, for Shame, urge another Argument to dehort from so pleasing an Employ, and that is, the small Encouragement Men of the greatest Merit in those Studies have met with in our own, as well as other Countries. Nor indeed, would any one of common Humanity wish the poor Poet, in a Muse-ridden old Age, to find by his own Experience what they have found by their's, to be forced by the want of every thing else but a Subject for Satire, as one of the keenest of our Writers in that Species of Composition says,

*To curse his rhyming Stars, and rave in vain
At all the Pow'rs which over Poets reign.*

H. B—— to C—— Y——.

CHARLES, Son of *Yorke*, who on the Mercy-seat
 Of Justice states the Bounds of Right and Wrong;
 Not like the common Law-bewilder'd Throng,
 Who, in the Maze of Error, hope to meet
 Truth; or hope rather to delude with Lies,
 And airy Phantoms, under Truth's Disguise.

Some wrapt in Precedents, or Points decreed,
 Or lop, or stretch the Law to Forms precise:
 Some, who the Pedantry of Rules despise,
 Plain Sense adopt, from legal Fetters freed;
 Sense without Science, fleeting, unconfin'd,
 Is empty Guess, and shifts with ev'ry Wind.

But he, thy Sire, with more discerning Toil,
 Rang'd the wide Field, sagacious to explore
 Where lay dispers'd or hid the precious Ore;
 Then form'd into an Whole the gather'd Spoil:
 Law, Reason, Equity, which now unite,
 Reflecting each on each a friendly Light.

Blest in a Guide, a Pattern so complete,
 Tread, as thou do'st, his Footsteps; for not rude
 Thy Genius, not uncultur'd, unsubdu'd.
 Yet there are Intervals, and Seasons meet,
 To smoothe the Brow of Thought; nor Thou disdain
 Fit Hours of Vacance with the Muse's Train.

Let

Let meaner Spirits, cast in vulgar Mould,
Who feed on Husks of vulgar Lore, refuse
To hear the Lessons of the warbling Muse;
Nor know that Bards, the Law-givers of old,
By soothing Song to moral Truths beguil'd
Man, till then fierce, a lawless Race, and wild.

What means the Lyre, by which the fabled Sage
Drew Beasts to listen, and made Rocks advance
Around him, as he play'd, in mystic Dance?
What, but the Muse? who soften'd human Rage:
Parent of Concord, She prepar'd the Plan
Of social Life, and Man attun'd to Man.

She taught the Spheres to move in fair Array,
Each in their Orbits heark'ning to her Strain;
Else would they wander o'er th' Etherial Plain
Licentious, but that she directs their Way:
She aw'd to Temper, with her magic Spell,
The warring Elements, the Powers of Hell.

They err, who think the Muses not ally'd
To *Themis*; both are of celestial Birth:
Both give Peace, Order, Harmony to Earth:
Both by one heav'nly Fountain are supply'd;
And Men and Angels hymn, in general Quire,
What LAW ordains, and what the NINE inspire.

To the Hon. Miss CARPENTER, on her playing upon
the Harpsichord in a Room hung with some Flower-
Pieces of her own Painting.

WHEN STELLA strikes the tuneful String
In Scenes of imitated Spring,
Where Beauty lavishes her Powers
On Beds of never-fading Flowers;
And Pleasure propagates around
Each Charm of modulated Sound;
Ah! think not, in the dang'rous Bower,
The Nymph fictitious as the Flower;
But shun, rash Youth, the gay Alcove,
Nor tempt the Snares of wily Love.
When Charms thus press on every Sense,
What Thought of Flight, or of Defence?
Deceitful Hope, and vain Desire,
Forever flatter o'er her Lyre;
Delighting, as the Youth draws nigh,
To point the Glances of her Eye;
And forming with unerring Art,
New Tortures for the Captive-Heart.

But on these Regions of Delight,
Might *Truth* intrude, with daring Flight,
Wou'd STELLA, sprightly, fair, and young,
One Moment hear the Moral Song,
Instruction with her Flowers might spring,
And *Wisdom* warble from her String.

Mark, when from thousand mingled Dyes
Thou seest one pleasing Form arise;
How active Light, and thoughtful Shade,
In greater Scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the diff'rent Notes agree
In friendly Contrariety;

How Passion's well-accorded Strife,
Gives all the Harmony of Life :
Thy Pictures shall thy Conduct frame,
Consistent still, tho' not the same ;
Thy Musick teach the nobler Art,
To tune the regulated Heart.

A S I M I L E.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem ; non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia ———*

I.

WHEN the loud Waves in Mountains rise,
And Tempests mingle Seas and Skies ;
The dauntless Sailor plies his Oar,
Bounds o'er the Surge, and gains the Shore.

II.

But if a smooth alluring Breeze
Invites to tempt the faithless Seas ;
He trusts not to the flatt'ring Gale,
But wisely furls the flowing Sail.

III.

So when harsh Fortune low'rs her Brow,
With Courage wait th' impending Blow ;
From the firm Breast her Darts rebound,
While Coward Slaves lament the Wound.

IV.

If then the smiling Wanton pours
Upon thy Head her Golden Show'rs ;
Watch ev'ry Motion of thy Mind,
And keep the rising Joy confin'd.

A S O N G.

I.

GAY *Florimel*,¹ of gen'rous Birth,
 The most engaging Fair on Earth,
 To please a blind Gallant,
 Has much of Wit, and much of Worth,
 And much of Tongue to set it forth,
 But then she has——an Aunt!

II.

How oft, alas! in vain I've try'd,
 To tempt her from her Guardian's Side,
 And trap her in Love's Hook!
 She's like a little wanton Lamb,
 That frisks about the careful Dam,
 And shuns the Shepherd's Crook.

III.

Like wretched *Dives* am I plac'd,
 To see the Joys I cannot taste,
 Of all my Hopes bereav'n:
 Her Aunt's the dismal Gulf betwixt,
 By all the Powers of Malice fixt,
 To cheat me of my Heaven.

*Wrote under a Plan of Lonesome-Lodge, the Seat
 of THEODORE JACOBSEN, Esq; in Surry.*

*E*N tibi, tranquilli Theodori villa! Decorâ
 Simplicitate nitens, nec longè Lympha perennis
 Splendidior vitro semper fuit; atque loquaces
 Fontes defiliunt per amœna virentia prata.

Hic

*Hic licet, et Libris Somnoque et inertibus Horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliuia Vitæ ;
Hic didicit servare modum, finemque tueri,
Naturamque sequi. Hæc vita est ; Artemque fruendi
Dî dederant Domino, et cum Libertate Quietem.*

Imitated.

BEHOLD calm *Theodore's* serene Retreat,
Graceful with Elegance, and simply Great ;
Near which an ever-bubbling Fountain plays,
Whose tattling Stream in sweet Meanders strays,
To cheer the Neighb'ring Meads, for ever green,
Whose flow'ry Banks are in the Mirror seen.
Taste, with Design, in all his Judgement shews,
Where various Parts one perfect Whole compose.
Here, Study, Quiet, and each social Joy,
The anxious Cares of busy Life destroy ;
And lazy Time's most vacant Hours employ.
The Golden Mean is here his only Pride,
A proper End in View, and Nature for his Guide ;
This is to live,—of Life's just Use possess'd,
With Knowledge, Liberty, Content and Rest.

LITERARY MEMOIRS.

Lettres d'un François, &c.

O R

*Letters of a Frenchman. Hague 1745. Three Volumes,
12mo.*

THE Collection of *French Letters*, publish'd with this
concise Title, contains the Observations of one who
resided for a considerable Time in *London* (M. L'Abbé
Blanche)

Blanche) upon the *English* Nation. The Letters are plac'd in no certain Order, nor with any Connection of the Subjects they treat of. They comprehend a great Variety of Observations, and almost upon every thing which can draw the Notice of a Traveller. The Author writes like a Scholar, a Man of Sense and good Nature: but there are some particular Qualities of the *English* Nation, of which it is impossible that a *Frenchman* should ever be a proper Judge. On this Account, it is not to be wonder'd at if he be mistaken in some Points, even of Sentiment and Opinion, as well as misinform'd in some Matters of Fact. Upon the whole however, he speaks of the *English* Nation candidly enough; and if he sometimes blame us, it may be worth while to hear him patiently. For when the Censures of Foreigners are true, it would be ridiculous to let our Resentment hinder us from correcting the Blemishes which gave Rise to them; and if, upon a fair Examination, they be found false, they may serve at least to instruct us concerning the National Prejudices of our Neighbours. Some of the Letters want the Names of the Persons to whom they have been directed; others have them written at full Length; and among these, are the Names of some eminent Persons in the learned World: such as the Presidents *Montesquieu* and *Bouhier*; the Abbés *Olivet*, *Sallier*, and *Du Bos*; Mess. *Treret*, *Crebillon*, *La Chaufée*, &c. In order to give a tolerable clear and useful Notion of the Book, we shall throw together, in one View, particular Passages of different Letters, which relate to the same Subject.

We shall begin, as our Author does, with his *general Character of the English Nation*. “The *English*, (says our Author, Letter I.) pass for the most reasonable Nation in *Europe*.—To say the Truth, what an advantageous Idea ought we not to form, of a Nation, at the same Time Warlike, Commercial, and Philosophical! It is *Rome*, it is *Carthage*, and even *Athens* itself. The *English*, in other Times, have been the Terror of their Neighbours; at present, they are their Masters in those kinds of Knowledge which are most useful to Society. Among this industrious People, Letters flourish, the Arts are cultivated, and Commerce gives Plenty and Wealth to all the several Degrees of the State. That which most distinguishes the *English* from other Nations, is properly the *People*, or the Commons. Their Share in the Government, which the Election of their Representatives gives them, inspires a sort of Courage, which is not found elsewhere in Men of the same Rank. But that which,

which, in a superior Rank, produces noble and exalted Sentiments, only serves to make the Commonalty insolent and stubborn. Courage, in Men of their Class, enables them rather to disturb the Order of Society, than to manifest their Love of the Laws upon which their Privileges are founded. The Physical Nature of their Air and Soil, has likewise an Effect upon their National Character. The continual Fogs with which their Island is cover'd, are the Cause both of the Richness of their Pastures and the melancholy Turn of their Minds; to which last perhaps is owing the Violence of their Passions, and the Ardour with which they pursue the Object that invites them. It is for this Reason that they so soon grow insensible to the Pleasures of Life, without being able to support its Grievances for any Length of Time. The same melancholy Temper hinders them from being ever content with their Condition, and makes them Enemies to Tranquillity, as much as they are Friends to Liberty: a most powerful Obstacle to the perfect Establishment of their Government.—One of their most remarkable Foibles (Letter II.) is an excessive Love of their own Country. Whatever Reproaches the *French* may deserve in this respect, we are yet highly oblig'd to the *English*, for not leaving us the ridiculous Character of being, of all Nations, the most prejudiced in Favour of itself. Their most celebrated Writers pretend in vain to more Impartiality; for the greatest Part of them think of their own Country, just as the common People do, who know no other. Their Soil, their Government, their Poets, and Philosophers, are all incomparably above those of other Nations. It is true indeed, that their Zeal for Liberty should make them respected by every Man who has any Sense of the Dignity of Human Nature; that their Love of the Sciences should gain them the Esteem of all who understand what Talents they require, and what Advantages result from them; that the *English* are, in general, Humane, Brave, Ingenious, and Laborious; they are only to blame in supposing that they alone possess these Virtues. If they would add a few other Virtues to all those which they now possess, they would really be, what they think they are, the first People in the World. We must confess, to their Glory, that an *Englishman* generally speaks as modestly of himself, as he speaks advantageously of his Country. I am sorry that one cannot say the same thing of us. A *Frenchman* seems to value his Country, only with regard to himself; an *Englishman* seems to value himself, only with regard to his Country.-----The *English* (Letter III.) have something remarkably

markedly hard and severe in their outward Appearance, which those who are prejudiced against them, take for a Savage Fierceness. But tho' their Virtues be ill-dress'd, the Nature of them is not alter'd. With all this apparent Roughness, no Nation has more Humanity. 'Tis their distinguishing and characteristical Virtue (Letter LVI.) They give Examples of it (Letter III.) even to their Enemies. Nothing is so easy as to gain their Good-will. Every *Englishman* is the Friend of him who acknowledges the Superiority of his Country.—A Philosopher (Letter XIX.) who narrowly observes this Nation, cannot but be surpriz'd at the Mixture of Virtues and Vices that is found in it. He will sometimes remark, in the lowest Mechanick, that Nobleness and Elevation of Thought which makes all Degrees of Society equal; and he will see, a Peer of the Realm not ashamed of Vices that would disgrace any Rank. Nothing is so seldom found among the *English*, as that Sweetness of Temper and Gaiety of Humour, which are the Charms of Society. They are great Losers by it; for they would be much more happy, if they were more sociable. Without injuring them, one may assert that they do not know, so well as the *French*, how to enjoy Life. Does not this prove that they are not so much Philosophers, as they think they are? The Gaiety which characterizes our Nation, passes for a sort of Folly with the *English*; but is their Sadness wiser? And to set Folly against Folly, are not the gayer Follies the better? When I see an *Englishman* laugh, he seems rather to seek Joy than to feel it; and this is most remarkable among the Women; who are dispos'd, like the Men, to a melancholy Complexion. Raillery is not natural, nor agreeable to the *English*. One of their distinguishing Virtues (Let. LXXXVI.) is Probity: their first Appearance is not inviting; but when one is once acquainted with them, one finds among them as much Friendship and Sincerity, as in any other Nation. They cannot be too much commended on this Head. But unfortunately they do not apply themselves enough to the external Part of Society; they scorn to acquire those polite and insinuating Manners, which gain the Good Will of others. The Desire of Pleasing is but seldom to be found, even among the Great; and is absolutely unknown to the lower sort of People. One who at *Paris* would be call'd an amiable Man, is here styl'd a frivolous Man; and what we call Wit, they call Nonsense. There is no such Thing here as that Species of Men, so common among us, who without aspiring to Fortune, make it their whole Ambition

to be well receiv'd in the World, and desirable in Company. And the Women in *England* think much the same Way in this Respect, as the Men."

These are some of our Author's most remarkable Observations on the *general Character* of the *English* Nation. Reflections of the same sort frequently occur indeed in other Letters, where he treats principally of certain particular Heads of Observation in our Manners. Thus he bestows some Letters in illustrating and confirming by Facts, that *Singularity*, for which he thinks we are so remarkable. *England* (Letter II.) is without Contradiction, the Country where one finds the greatest Number of singular Men; and perhaps it is not difficult to give a Reason for it. The *English* make a Merit of this Singularity. A Man renders himself here as illustrious by Follies, which elsewhere would only render him ridiculous, as by the most useful Actions imaginable. People love to make themselves famous at a small Expence. From hence it is, that one Man makes a Merit of having a Hunting Equipage which he never uses; and that another, with an Income of thirty thousand Livres, dresses himself in a Coat coarser than that which he gives his Footmen. In the same manner, there are some among the Great, who do not blush at Vices hardly excusable in the vilest Populace; and even among the Populace, one may see impudent Creatures affect a Pride, for which Riches and Birth could hardly apologize. The *English* look upon this Variety of Humours and Characters, as an Honour to their Nation, and the Effect of their Liberty, and disdain us *French*, for being all of a Piece; which if it don't prove us more virtuous, proves us at least more sociable than the *English*; for Singularity is as rare in *France*, as it is common in *England*. Tho' indeed, it is to be fear'd that we shall be infected by our great Correspondence at present with this Island. Nations more easily exchange their Vices than their Virtues. Our *Petit Maitres* with respect to the Sciences, for there are *Petit Maitres* of all Kinds, affect *English* Manners greatly at present. But they do not imitate them in what is really good; it is only the *English* Garb which they assume. One of our young Men, after having read the *Spectator*, and the Works of Mr. *Pope*, said one Day to his Friend, *I THINK at present*. This thinking Being was clad in green, his Coat without Folds, his Wig without Powder, and his Hat on his Head. *Well*, said he, *how do you like me? Have I not the English Air?*—This same Taste for Singularity (Letter XV.) runs thro' all the Sciences and Arts in *England*. It is of all Countries, that, where the greatest Number of Men

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take Delight in the Representation of extraordinary Things. They seem to know no agreeable Sensations, but such as make a strong Impression on their Organs. In *England* the *Uncommon* serves instead of the *Beautiful*; and every Man is sure to succeed, if he but set up in some extraordinary Way. Our *Grand-Thomas* should settle at *Charing Cross* to make his Fortune. Many of his Trade have grown rich at *London*, who had neither by far so large a Hat as he, nor so many dexterous Contrivances to fix the Eyes of the Populace. The *English* Taste for strange Things is so high, that the Picture of an old Man, who liv'd useles for an hundred and so many Years, is more sought after than that of the Duke of *Marlborough*. Many *Englishmen* would rather see the Drawing and Dimensions of an old rotten Tree in the County of *Nottingham*, because a Coach and Six can drive thro' it, than the finest Lanskip of *Paul Brill* or *Claude Lorrain*. Their Writers are the same in this Respect, as their Artists. And even in Morals, excepting those essential Virtues which are the same in all Nations, it seems, that in civil Life, the *English* pique themselves more upon being singular, than upon being reasonable."

Our Author is very copious in his Reflections concerning the *Comparative good and ill Qualities of France and England*, and the Manner in which we stand affected to his Countrymen. "The greatest Part of the *English* Nation (Letter V.) have an inveterate Hatred for the *French*, which they will not even be at the Trouble to conceal from us. I am sorry to confess that our Sentiments with regard to the *English*, are not more moderate. We are indeed more reserv'd in our Language; and perhaps upon a nearer View, it may appear that this Hatred is more general and violent among them; but at the same Time we must own that it is always among us too strong not to be unreasonable. It is not surprizing that particular Persons should hate each other; some Men are wicked, and are born to hate those who are good; others have been hurt and offended by that Wickedness, and such a Resentment proves only the Weakness of the Human Mind. But there is nothing that seems so dishonourable to Human Nature as that entire Nations, like *Rome* and *Carthage*, *France* and *England*, should hate each other. And the most unhappy Circumstance is, that tho' such Antipathies be ever so unjust in themselves, yet even honest Men are subject to them as well as others. My Lord——, a Man of the most intire Probity in the World, could never bring himself, when at *Paris*, to dine with a *Frenchman*; *Monsieur*—— could never speak of the

the *English* with Calmness. The frequent Wars between the two Nations first kindled this reciprocal Hatred; and their Rivalship and Jealousy about Commerce, hinders it from being extinguish'd in Time of Peace. If our Neighbours carry this Hereditary Antipathy farther than we, it is partly owing to their Policy, which makes them very industrious to keep it up. They think it their Interest to make so formidable a Power odious. Such were the Principles of King *William*: The Writers who had sold themselves to him (*that is the Frenchman's Expression*) have spread them thro' all the Nation. The *English* seem to think the *French* are, with respect to them, what the ancient *Persians* were with respect to the *Athenians*: The King of *France* is in their Eyes the Great King. Hence arises that invincible Hatred for the People which obeys him, and which they suppose that they alone prevent from giving Laws to the rest of *Europe*. But how can one reconcile this Dread of the *French* with that Contempt which they always affect for them? (*Very easily*).—In Letter XIX, our Author sends his Correspondent a Letter which had been wrote by an *English* Gentleman at *Paris* to my Lord C—, giving no very favourable Account of the *French* Manners at present. Our Author says, that 'tis a Lesson of which his Countrymen stand much in Need; and that the Censure which it contains, is not perhaps less just than it is keen. The Author of the Letter begins with observing, that “ he does not know what the *French* may think of him, or “ what his Lordship will say of him; but he owns that *Paris* “ grows every Day more tiresome to him. I cannot (says “ he) bring myself to admire that kind of Wit which has “ not good Sense for its Foundation; nor to be satisfied with “ agreeable Qualities, iwhere the essential ones are wanting. Is “ this the polite and accomplish'd Nation which we must take “ for our Pattern? God preserve us, my Lord, from ever “ being like them.—Tho' the *French* Manners are very insi- “ nuating and winning, yet I still think as our Fathers did, “ that it is better to retain our Faults, than to exchange “ them for Vices. That Haughtiness and Fierceness of which “ they accuse us, brings fewer Inconveniences into Life than “ their Deceitfulness; tho' it assumes so fair an Outside, your “ *French* Politeness is nothing but a false Modesty, a disguis'd “ Pride; in a Word, a troublesome Mask, which is put on, “ only with a Design to impose upon others.—In *France*, a “ Courtier, who is really more base and low than polite, seems “ intirely ignorant of what he owes himself, when in the “ Presence of the Minister or Man in Place; every where else

" he is so full of himself, that he can hardly be persuaded
 " that there are other Men to whom he owes any thing.
 " The Care which he takes not to make you sensible of the
 " Superiority which he thinks he possesses, and which in
 " reality he does not possess, is precisely that which he calls
 " Politeness. And would you have me oblig'd to him for
 " the meer Effect of a most presumptuous Pride? *France*,
 " you say, is the Country of *Wit*; all *Frenchmen* have *Wit*.
 " I believe it must be true, since they have persuaded other
 " Nations to believe so. But if ever any thing resembled the
 " epidemical Disease of the Citizens of *Abdera* in ancient
 " Times, it is this *Wit* of the modern *French*; Men, Wo-
 " men, all pique themselves upon it. Their Books are no-
 " thing but *Wit*; their Conversation is nothing but *Wit*;
 " and the Court governs them in this, as in every thing else.
 " But their *Wit* is not perhaps the most engaging Thing in
 " the World, to plain *English* Good Sense; for in *France*
 " Men don't distinguish themselves by being more reasonable
 " than others; nor is the Country itself distinguish'd above
 " others, by having more sensible Men in it; but indeed, by
 " quite despising and overlooking all the sensible Men it
 " has. The Women govern in this Particular, and take
 " their Lessons about it from the young Men, who are
 " most commonly ignorant to a Degree that should make
 " any Man of Birth and Distinction ashamed.—I don't
 " know what is become of that Gallantry, which was for-
 " merly so predominant among the *French*; it seems to have
 " vanished with their Taste of the *Grand Cyrus*, and the
 " *Clelia*s, and other Romances. Their Gallantry at present
 " is of the same Style with their modern Novels, a Style of
 " Libertinism, which does not even take the Trouble of dis-
 " guising itself. It is now a long time since it was not fash-
 " ionable for any but Citizens and Tradesmen to love their
 " Wives; but at present, the Laws of fine Breeding are
 " much more severe, they do not even allow a Man to love
 " his Mistress. A fortunate pretty Fellow would be afraid of
 " losing his Reputation, if he were once suspected of such a
 " Weakness. There are some who carry this Scruple so far,
 " that for Fear of what may happen, they make their Valets
 " write their *Billet-doux*.—It was formerly a Piece of
 " Gallantry to wear the Livery of the fair Lady that was
 " followed in the Way of Courtship; and it might then be
 " done without Dishonour to her, because her Lover really
 " stiled himself her Slave. At present, by an Indiscretion in
 " which both Sexes have their Share, many pretty Fellows
 " proclaim

“ proclaim the Lady who honours them with her Favours,
 “ by the particular kind of Powder which they use ; and many
 “ will pretend to discover the new Intrigues of their Acquain-
 “ tances by the Perfume of their Dress. Such a Lady, say
 “ they, is known to love *Cyprus* Powder ; such a one can
 “ endure only that *a la Marechale* ; and a third prefers that
 “ which has the Scent of Amber. Thus a pretty Fellow, by
 “ changing every Day his favourite Perfume, publishes at
 “ once the Fickleness of his Taste, and the Rapidity of his
 “ Conquests. Those Places which are now so fashionable
 “ with the Name of *Petites Maisons*, and which one would
 “ imagine, by that Name, to be the Hospitals of Lunacy,
 “ are on the contrary, destined to the Infamy of the Wo-
 “ men. People haunt them often out of Vanity rather than
 “ Use. A little Constraint is certainly necessary to Love,
 “ at least, an excessive Freedom makes it degenerate into
 “ Libertinism ; and such is the Effect of these *Petites Mai-
 “ sons*. A Woman cannot visit them without a frank A-
 “ vowal of her Pleasures ; and if her pretty Fellow have a
 “ Musician to entertain her, it is not so much for his Musick,
 “ as to have a Witness ready to publish his good Fortune.
 “ The *French* blame us for not being complaisant enough to
 “ the Women ; but I am sure that their Behaviour must be
 “ more disagreeable to the Sex. With us, a Woman does
 “ not think she is loved, unless she see herself treated with
 “ Respect. The *French* Ladies are far enough from being so
 “ scrupulous.— The Title of a *lucky Fellow* is all the Am-
 “ bition of a *Petit Maître* at present ; and very frequently,
 “ the Reputation of being so, satisfies them. One of these
 “ Animals puts to his Horses to go to a pretended Assigna-
 “ tion, and within an Hour after, slips into his own House
 “ by the Back-door, and privately eats his Supper, while his
 “ Equipage scandalizes all the Neighbourhood, by standing at
 “ the Corner of a Street where a fashionable Beauty lives ;
 “ another goes to sup alone at his *Petit Maison*, and orders
 “ Squibs and Rockets to be fired, to publish the good For-
 “ tune which he does not enjoy. One of these fine Gentle-
 “ men fairly owned to me that he made use of such Tricks
 “ at first to establish his Reputation ; but that when it was
 “ once established by these Means, it gained him the Con-
 “ quest of several Women. He had formed a serious, philo-
 “ sophical System of Gallantry, from the Knowledge he had
 “ thus acquired of his fair Countrywomen. He knew that
 “ every Man here is just what he has a Mind to be. If a
 “ Man call himself a Wit, he will certainly be thought so ;
 “ and

“ and with a few *Airs*, and a little *Impudence*, he will infal-
 “ libly grow a *lucky Fellow*. This Gentleman having been so
 “ dextrous as to persuade the Publick, that he had an *Affair*
 “ with such and such a Lady, who did not know him, very
 “ soon had real *Affairs* with many others, who but for this
 “ Kind of Fame would never have known him. All the Art
 “ consists in gaining two or three of the most fashionable La-
 “ dies; the rest follow of their own Accord. Their own Va-
 “ nity engages them. According to the Rules of Gallantry,
 “ a Lady, tho’ her Merit and her Charms be ever so great,
 “ will rather make Advances herself, than fail of gaining a
 “ pretty Fellow, at least for eight Days, if other Ladies
 “ have brought him into Vogue. ’Tis the same among
 “ the Men; it signifies nothing whether a Woman be hand-
 “ some or ugly, if *M. le Duc Such-a-one* have had her, that
 “ is enough to make all young Men, who know the World,
 “ pay their Vows to her.—The Women in *France* are so
 “ much persuaded that this sort of Gallantry does them Ho-
 “ nour, that they assume the Appearance of it when they
 “ want the Reality. So much Justice must be done to feve-
 “ ral Ladies here, as to own that their Lovers are retained
 “ only for the Interest of their Beauty: And for this Reason,
 “ they always affect, at publick Places, to be seen with those
 “ Men who would willingly have themselves believed by the
 “ World to be happy in the Lady’s Favour. This is so much
 “ the Taste of the Women here, that they even strive to
 “ gain the Height of this Libertine Character, provided they
 “ can but cover it with the Appearance of Art and Dexterity:
 “ For a Lady who has delivered herself from the Slavery of
 “ Decency, is well received every where upon that Condi-
 “ tion. These gallant Fair Ones pique themselves upon
 “ their Philosophy, and unfortunately have made their aban-
 “ doned Licentiousness as fashionable as their Dress. The
 “ Consequence is, that the Sexes in *France* have changed
 “ their Vices: The Men have all the Effeminacy of Women;
 “ the Women all the Insolence of Men.”

Whether this be the real Letter of an *Englishman* from *Pa-
 ris*, or one of our Author’s own composing, it must be con-
 fessed that it gives no very taking Description of *French* Po-
 liteness, the Want of which is so much regretted in *England*.
 We shall, in our next, make some farther Extracts of the more
 remarkable Observations in these Letters.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

*Continuation of the History, Power, and Political Interests
of the House of AUSTRIA.*

THE greatest Princes and the ablest Politicians are sometimes mistaken in their Views, which was the Case of the Emperor *Ferdinand III.* in relation to the great Victory gain'd by his Son at *Nordlingen*. He treated the *Swedes*, and those that still remain'd firm to their Alliance, as Persons absolutely under his Power, and to whom he might prescribe what Terms he pleas'd; whereas if he had made Peace at that time, he might certainly have kept the Conditions of it only as far as he pleas'd. War is a hazardous and dangerous thing, and, till it is absolutely over, there is no knowing who has the better. The *Swedes* had at that time a Statesman, whose Abilities sav'd them and their *German Confederates*: This was Count *Oxenfeirn*, who undertook to draw the *French* into the War, and, which was more extraordinary, make them firm and faithful in the Prosecution of it; in which he succeeded so well, that the Emperor finding himself at last quite tired out, and his Subjects in a manner absolutely exhausted, resolv'd to consent to a Peace upon the best Conditions that the Circumstances of the Times would allow. The *Swedes*, on the other hand, were also much inclined to Peace; because their own Armies being entirely worn out, they had now only *German Troops* under *Swedish Officers* to fight their Battles, and they knew not how soon these People might grow weary of ruining their native Country, and fighting against their Countrymen. The Troubles that about this Time broke out in *France*, made that Crown likewise very inclinable to Peace; which being the sole End and Aim, from the Beginning of the War, that the Protestant Princes in *Germany* propos'd to themselves, they omitted nothing on their Sides that was necessary to bring it to a speedy Conclusion. It was this Disposition in all the Parties that brought about, in 1648, the famous *Treaty of Westphalia*; by which a reasonable Satisfaction was given to all that had been concern'd in the War, and consequently a Foundation was thereby laid of a solid, safe, and honourable Peace.

As the Intention of this historical Deduction is to give the Reader, from the Consideration of past Events, a perfect Insight

Insight into the present State of Things, it is absolutely necessary that we should insist more particularly upon this Treaty, than upon any thing of the same Nature that has gone before; because it intirely changed the Face of Affairs not only in Germany, but throughout all Europe. When we speak of it generally, and in its full Extent, it is called the *Peace of Westphalia*, tho' there be really no such Treaty, strictly taken, existing; and therefore, to understand this perfectly, the Reader is to observe, that the Disputes with Sweden were first regulated by a Treaty concluded at *Osnabrug* the 16th of *August*, 1648, by which that Crown acquired certain Provinces in the Empire, a Seat in the Imperial Diet, and a considerable Sum in ready Money: Satisfaction being likewise given to the Elector of *Brandenburg* for his Pretensions, as has been already shewn in the Articles of *Sweden* and *Prussia*; And that at the time this Treaty was concluded, there was a Proviso inserted, That it should be of no Force till another Treaty, then negotiating, was likewise sign'd and concluded. This other Treaty was carried on at *Munster* between the Empire and *France*; which was also brought to Perfection, and sign'd the 24th of *October* the same Year. By this last Treaty a great Variety of Interests were settled. The Emperor restored to the Elector of *Treves* all that had been taken from him. The Electoral Dignity was confirm'd to the Duke of *Bavaria*, and he had also the *Upper Palatinate* given him; but the *Lower Palatinate* was restored to the Elector *Palatine*; who, as we have before shewn, had been deprived by the Emperor, and a new Electorate was created in his Favour. The three Bishopricks, and best Part of *Alsace*, were yielded to *France*; and, on the other hand, *France* restored a great Part of her Conquests.

But the most material Points of all that were regulated by these two Treaties, were the Civil and Religious Rights of the Empire. The latter we shall have Occasion to mention more at large hereafter; but with respect to the former, the shortest Method that can be taken is to transcribe the Eighth Article of the Treaty of *Osnabrug*, which runs thus: "For preventing any Disputes that may arise for the future in the Political State, all and every of the Electors, Princes, and States of the *Roman Empire*, ought to be so confirm'd by Virtue of this Treaty, in their antient Rights, Prerogatives, Freedom, and Privileges, in the free Exercise of their Territorial Rights, in Matters Ecclesiastical and Political in their Dominions, in their Rights of Regale, and in the Possession of all these Things together, that no Person
" may

“ may have it in his Power or Choice to give them actual
 “ Molestation, on any Pretence whatsoever. They shall,
 “ without any Contradiction, enjoy the Right of Suffrage in
 “ all Deliberations concerning the Right of the Empire, par-
 “ ticularly when Laws are to be made or interpreted, War
 “ to be declared, Contributions to be imposed, Levies of
 “ Troops to be made, and their Quarters regulated; new For-
 “ tresses to be erected in the Name of the Publick in the
 “ Territories of the States, or Garrisons to be placed in the
 “ old ones; as also, when any Treaties of Peace or Alliances
 “ are to be concluded, or any other Affairs of this Nature to
 “ be treated of; none of these, or others of the like Kind,
 “ shall be undertaken or permitted without the Suffrage and
 “ free Consent of all the States of the Empire assembled at
 “ the Diet. They shall have, above all things, the perpetual
 “ Right of making Alliances between themselves and Fo-
 “ reigners, for their own Preservation and Security; pro-
 “ vided nevertheless, that such Alliances are not aim’d against
 “ the Emperor and Empire, nor against the publick Peace,
 “ nor against the present Transaction in particular; and that
 “ they do not, in any wise, infringe the Oath which they
 “ have all taken to the Emperor and Empire.”

It is to be observed, that the Cities of *Osnabrug* and *Munster* are both in *Westphalia*, and the two Treaties being united by the Proviso before mention’d, are from thence stiled the *Peace of Westphalia*; but when they are quoted more particularly, the Articles are mention’d from the respective Treaties. Hence it is said, that the *Peace of Westphalia* is a fundamental Law of the Empire, and with great Propriety; for it may be truly stiled the *Magna Charta of Germany*; and therefore we need not wonder that the *French*, who were principally concerned in making this Treaty, had afterwards the Vanity to strike a Medal upon this Subject; in which the Genius of *France* is represented standing by an Altar, on which is represented a *Caduceus* supported by two Horns of *Plenty*: In one Hand, which leans upon the Altar, she holds an *Olive Branch*; and in the other a *Ballance*, having in one Scale the Imperial Crown, and in the other the Crowns of the Electors and Princes of the Empire, so that they hang exactly even. Under her Feet is a *Yoke*. The *Legend* is LIBERTAS GERMANIÆ, and the *Exergue* contains these Words, PAX MONASTERIENSIS, MDCXLVIII. implying, that Liberty was restored to *Germany* by the Peace of *Munster*. It may not be amiss to remark, that the Liberty of *Germany* and the Slavery of *France* were the Work of the same Hand, or rather of the same Head; I mean that of the famous Cardinal *Richlieu*,

who contrived this Scheme to keep the House of *Austria* within Bounds, and to hinder her from ever becoming too powerful for that of *Bourbon*. The Reader will likewise see, that for this very Purpose *France* took so much Pains to aggrandize the Crown of *Sweden*; and this will lead us to understand the true Motives which induce the *French* to be so complaisant at present to the King of *Prussia*; the Power of that Prince, in respect to the Empire, or rather in respect to the House of *Austria*, standing her in the same Stead as *Sweden* did formerly, when she was more powerful than she is at present. This Observation, which is very short, and from the History we have given of this War and this Peace, very clear and convincing, is the true Key to the modern System, and very fully explains the present Situation of Things in *Germany*, and that Connection between two great Powers, which has been hitherto held equally unnatural and surprizing. But to return now to the History, which we shall deliver in as few Words as possible.

The Emperor having thus restored the Peace of *Europe*, as well as of the Empire, applied his whole Care to the resettling the Tranquillity and Welfare of his Dominions, and the Authority of his Family. The former gain'd him the Affection of his Subjects, and he had all the Success he could wish for in the latter. He procured his Son *Ferdinand*, already King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to be elected King of the *Romans* at *Augsbourg* in 1653. But when he thought his Felicity effectually secured, he found it least so; for on the 4th of *July*, in the Year following, that young Prince died, which struck the Emperor with a deep Melancholy, from which he never recovered. He gave powerful Assistance to the *Poles* against the *Swedes*, who would otherwise have over-run their Country; and it was by his Means also, that the *Danes* were engaged to take the same Step, and to break with the *Swedes*; but he did not live to see the Issue of this War, dying of a Consumption, occasioned by his Concern for the Loss of his eldest Son, who was truly a Prince of great Hopes, on the 2d of *April*, 1657. He was in every Respect a very wise and great Man, and in most Things a very fortunate Prince: And if his Ambition had been less, his Authority had been greater; but the too great Warmth he discovered in Matters of Religion, and the Desire he had to extend the Imperial Power beyond the Bounds prescribed to his Predecessors, induced the Protestant Princes of the Empire to take such Measures for their own Security, as in the End, notwithstanding all his Victories, proved very effectual.

LEOPOLD I. the younger Son of the Emperor *Ferdinand III.* did not immediately succeed his Father, because he was under

under Age ; he was originally intended for the Church, but upon the Death of his Brother *Ferdinand*, he was crown'd King of *Hungary* on the 25th *June* 1655, and King of *Bohemia* on the 14th of *September* the same Year. On the 18th of *July* 1658, he was elected Emperor, and on the 5th of *August* following, was crown'd at *Francfort*. In the beginning of his Reign, the War, which lasted long betwixt the *Suedes*, the *Danes*, the *Poles* and the *Brandenburgers*, was concluded by the Treaty of *Oliva* in 1660. A War broke out soon after betwixt the Emperor and the *Hungarians*, who complained that their Privileges were invaded ; that the *German* Troops maintained there on Pretence of defending them, which they were able to do themselves, committed all sorts of Violence and Cruelty ; that the *Hungarians* in Possession of Offices were not suffered to discharge them ; that the Liberty of Religion, which had been allowed them by several Diets, was denied, their Churches taken from them, and their Ministers banished, because they were not of the Religion of their Prince. That the Nobility, who ought to be try'd by their own Judges, were try'd by *Germans* ; that tho' the Revenue was more than sufficient to maintain the Troops, yet they were not paid, but lived by Extortion, or invading the *Turks*, who made severe Reprisals on the peaceable Inhabitants of the Country. The Grand Seignior improved this Difference, and the Emperor taking Part with the Prince of *Transylvania*, set up without his Consent ; he therefore gave that Title to Prince *Abaff*. The *Turks* defeated the Imperialists at *Clausenburg*, and took *Newbeusel* in 1663, but were routed at *Levents*, where they lost 6000 Men ; and afterwards at *St. Gothard*, where they lost above 6000 Men, and many General Officers, which brought on a Peace. The *Hungarians* finding that their Privileges were not restored according to Promise, being oppress'd by *German* Troops, and the Office of *Palatine* being abolished, which had continued some hundred Years ; they joined with the *Transylvanians* to obtain Help from the *Turks*. The very Monks preached that their Yoke was easier than that of the *Germans* ; for this Insurrection the Counts of *Serini*, *Frangipani* and *Nadaſti* were put to death, which hinder'd Prince *Ragotski's* taking Arms ; and Count *Tekely* dying in his Castle, just as the Imperialists had invested it, they were left without a Head, till young Count *Tekely*, who was then but 15 Years of Age, and from his Prison escaped to *Transylvania*, came to espouse their Cause ; from a bare Suspicion of being well-affected to which, he had been treated with much Severity. He was received with the utmost Joy, and the Revolt of the *Hungarians* became almost

general; but however, the *German* Forces in that Kingdom soon reduced them to the Necessity of repining in secret against the Emperor's Measures, instead of taking up Arms, as they certainly intended.

His Imperial Majesty's Thoughts, which were entirely turned towards the Settlement of his own Dominions, without the least Inclination to inroach on, or disturb his Neighbours, were called off by the ambitious Views of a Monarch who spent his whole Life in disturbing the Peace of *Europe*; for in 1672 the *French* invaded *Lower Germany*, and over-run most of the United Provinces. The Elector of *Treves* having no Force to oppose the *French*, was obliged to allow them a Passage through his Dominions. And the Archbishop of *Cologne*, and the Bishop of *Munster* joined with them against their Country. The Elector of *Brandenburg* demanded Assistance of the Emperor to protect his Duchy of *Cleves*, but the *French* over-ran it before he could procure any. The *French* in 1673 entered *Alsace*, where they took several Towns, and laid part of the Palatinate under Contributions. The Duke of *Lorraine*, who commanded the Emperor's Army, would have joined *Caprara*, but was prevented by M. *Turenne*, which occasion'd the ineffectual Battle of *Sent-shiem*. The Elector *Palatine* was so much provoked at the ravaging his Country, that he sent M. *De Turenne* a Challenge, which he would not accept, without Allowance from the *French* King, his Master. These Things, with the taking of *Treves*, obliged the Empire to declare War, and assemble more Troops; upon which M. *Turenne* repass'd the *Rhine* and entrenched near *Philipsbourg*. In 1674 the *Germans* fought Marshal *Turenne* near *Molsheim*, where both Sides claimed the Victory. In 1675 the *French* defeated the *Germans* near *Colmar*; but *Montecuculi* succeeding the Duke of *Bournonville* in the Command of the *German* Army, he was a more equal Match for *Turenne*, who being encamped near him, and going to an Eminence to view his Army, was kill'd by a Cannon Ball, which put an End to his Glory, that was tarnish'd before by his turning *Papist*. After the Battle of *Altenheim* the *French* repass'd the *Rhine*, where the Duke *De Duras*, Nephew to *Turenne* acquired much Reputation by retiring in Sight of the Enemy from a disadvantageous Camp.

In 1679, the War betwixt the Empire, the *French* and the *Dutch*, was concluded by the Treaty of *Nimeguen*, where the King of *Sweden* was Mediator, by which *France* got *Fribourg* and *Burgau* in lieu of *Philipsbourg*, and the *Swedens* recovered the Provinces they had lost in the War. After the Peace of *Nimeguen*, the *French* King began to erect Chambers Re-union at *Metz* and *Brissack*, where by the Sentence of his

own Judges, several Princes were required to surrender those Provinces and Cities that were alledged to be dependant on his new Acquisitions; and such as would not comply, were compell'd by Force, particularly the Elector Palatine, and the Elector of *Treves*. The *French* still kept Possession of those Places, they were obliged to surrender to the Empire by the Peace. The Emperor's Ministers gave in a Memorial to the Diet at *Ratisbon* of these Proceedings, and the States unanimously resolved that they were contrary to the Treaties; but *Holland* and *Brandenburg* were not inclined to a Rupture with *France*. In 1680 the *French* surprized *Straßbourg*, by the Treachery of some of their new Magistrates. The King of *France* likewise try'd to get the Dauphin elected King of the *Romans*, but miscarried in it. In 1681 he made a Treaty with Count *Tekely*, who had a strong Army of the Malecontents in *Hungary*, was in great Esteem with the Grand Seignior, and engaged the *Turks* to invade *Hungary* before the Emperor was aware of it.

In 1683 the Duke of *Lorrain* besieged *Newheusel*, but was obliged to break up on the Grand Vizier's marching against him. At the same time three thousand *Tartars* harrassed the Country, and the *Germans* with great Difficulty retired towards *Vienna*; for three thousand *Turks* and *Tartars* fell upon their Baggage, took it, and killed most of the Convoy. But Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* rescued part of the Baggage. The News of this, occasioned an incredible Consternation at *Vienna*. The Emperor remov'd to *Lintz*, and most of the Citizens were for leaving the City; but the Approach of the Duke of *Lorrain* next Day, encouraged them so that they began to repair the Fortifications, and the Garrison was reinforced, there not being above two hundred regular Forces in the City before. The *Turks* opened their Trenches the fifteenth of July; the Garrison under Count *Staremburg* disputed every Inch of Ground, and by frequent Sallies cut off great Numbers of them. In the mean time, the Duke of *Lorrain* defeated *Tekely*, took his Baggage, and relieved *Presburg*, that was ready to have fallen into his Hands. The Duke engaged him a second Time on the Borders of *Moravia*, and forced him to retire. The Siege continued to the twelfth of September with all the Fury imaginable; and the Besieged behaved themselves with Intrepidity, till they were relieved by the Confederate Army of eighty thousand Men, consisting of *Imperialists* and *Poles*. The right Wing was commanded by *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, the Left by the Elector of *Bavaria* and the Duke of *Lorrain*, and the Main Body by the Elector of *Saxony* and Prince *Waldeck*. They forced the Enemy's Entrenchments, and during the Engagement the

Duke of *Lorrain* detached Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, with a Body of Horse, Foot, and Dragoons, to relieve the City; which he did, and killed most of the *Turks* that were employed in the Assault. Upon this the *Turkish* Horse fled, and left their Foot and Camp to the Mercy of the *Christians*, who gained a signal Victory, with the Loss only of one thousand Men. The *Turks* lost about seventy-five thousand, with their Baggage, and one hundred and twenty Cannon; and the Garrison lost about six thousand Men during the Siege.

After the taking of *Buda*, Prince *Abaffi* began to temporize with the Emperor. But the Duke of *Lorrain* entered *Transilvania*, as Count *Tekely* foretold him would happen, and obliged that Prince and the States to a Submission to surrender their Fortresses, and conclude a Treaty very advantageous to the Emperor; upon which the Prince retired to *Forgats*. About this Time the strong Fortress of *Agria* surrendered to the *Imperialists*, and *Mohammed IV.* Emperor of the *Turks*, was deposed, and his Brother set up in his Stead. The Emperor's good Success put him upon getting his Son, the Arch-Duke *Joseph*, crowned King of *Hungary*. He went himself to *Presburg*, where he assembled the States, and told them, He would have the Crown made hereditary. The States took it into Consideration; represented their Grievances as usual, and said they were willing to elect the Arch-Duke; but desired their Freedom of Election might be continued, and that the Crown should not be hereditary: That the *German* Troops might be recalled when Peace was made with the *Turks*, and all their Grievances redressed before the Coronation. The Emperor allowed them fourteen Days to deliberate and draw up their Grievances; but told them he had been at more Charge to defend their Kingdom against the *Turks* than it was worth, and therefore had a Right to look upon it as one of his hereditary Countries. There were great Debates about this in the Diet; and the Count *de Drascowitz*, the chief Judge of the Kingdom, having represented the Consequences of it, they prayed the Emperor not to make such an Alteration in their Constitution. But the Count being found dead in his Bed some Days after, no Body knows how, those of his Sentiments durst not any more talk of it. Some desired they might be at Liberty to chuse any such Prince of the House of *Austria* as they should think fit; but this was also rejected. There were two other Things which retarded the Coronation; the first was, that according to an Article of King *Andrew's* Declaration, any of the three Estates had a Right to oppose the King when he acted against the Laws of the Kingdom, without being guilty of Treason: But the Emperor would not allow of that. The

second was, that the Protestants, who had joined with the Court to get the Crown made hereditary, thought it a proper Season to demand that they should be maintained in their ancient Privileges: That the Churches and States which had been taken from them since 1667, should be restored: That they should have Deputies in every Diet: That the Jesuits should not meddle in Affairs of State, or what related to the Protestant Religion: That they should not be allowed to settle in any other Place than where they then were: And that Count *Caraffa*, who had got many innocent People cut off on Pretence of Plots, should be turned out. But the States did not think it a seasonable Time for the Protestants to insist on those Things. And thus, on the 29th of *December*, the Kingdom was made hereditary; and the Power of the Prince in a manner absolute, so that the People could do nothing but groan and sigh for the Loss of their Liberty: For Count *Tekely*, who had acquired so much Glory, had failed of late in most of his Attempts, and was not able to keep up their Spirits, or afford Hopes of Relief.

The War continued against the *Turks* with various Success for several Years, notwithstanding that the *French* in 1689, fell into *Germany* with a great Army, and committed such Outrages as were inconsistent with the Laws of War. This Conduct of theirs so totally destroyed the Interest they had among the *German* Princes, that in 1690 the Emperor procured his Son the Arch-Duke *Joseph*, King of *Hungary*, to be elected King of the *Romans*; and the Year following, the *Turks* were defeated by the *Imperialists* in the Battle of *Salankemen*, in which they lost their Grand Vizier *Cuperli*, and twenty thousand Men. The War continued notwithstanding, chiefly from the Encouragement given to the Infidels by the *French*, and the vast Efforts they made in their Favour. The *Turks* likewise did all that lay in their Power to ballance the former Successes of the *Imperialists*; but in 1697, Prince *Eugene* defeated one of the most powerful Armies the Infidels ever brought into the Field, at *Zanta*, in which 25,000 *Turks* perished. The *French* perceiving that this Blow had put it out of the Power of their good Allies to do any thing more for their Service, resolved to get out of the War in Time, and make the best Peace for themselves they could; which they accordingly did at *Ryswick*, whereby they quitted all their Re-unions in *Alsace*: But the Popish Religion was to remain where they had settled it. The Elector Palatine was restored to his Territories, on paying 200,000 Livres per Annum to the Duchess of *Orleans*, till her Pretensions were decided. *Denant* was restored to *Liege*; *Straßbourg* resigned to *France*; and *Fort-Kiel*, *Fribourg*, *Star-Fort*, *Old Brisac*, and *Philipbourg* re-

stored to the Empire. The *French* were to demolish the Fortifications over-against *Hunnengen* and *Fort-Lewis*; the Castles of *Traerbach*, *Ehrenburg*, *Kirnburg*, and the Fortrefs of *Mont-Royal*, were to be demolished and given to the right Owner: The Duke of *Lorraine* was restored to his own Country, and to *Nancy*; and the Castles of *Bitsch* and *Homburg* were to be razed. The Protestant Princes of the Empire gave in a Memorial against establishing Popery in *Alsatia*, because contrary to the fundamental Laws of the Empire, *i. e.* to the Peace of Religion made in 1588, and to that of *Westphalia* and *Nimeguen*, which were the Basis of this Treaty: And that this Article was likewise contrary to the Capitulations of the Emperor and the King of the *Romans*, by which the said Peace of Religion was secured; but without Effect.

The *Turks*, finding themselves abandoned in this manner by those who drew them into the War, and who had more than once hinder'd them from making Peace upon reasonable Terms, resolved to accept the Mediation of the Maritime Powers, and to conclude a Peace with the Emperor and his Allies on the best Terms that, in their present Circumstances, could be had. Accordingly, after great Pains taken by Lord *Paget* and Mr. *Collier*, who conducted this Negotiation, on January 26, 1699, a Treaty was sign'd for 25 Years between the Emperor and the *Turks* at *Carlowitz*. The chief Articles of which were, That *Transilvania* should remain intire to the Emperor, but the Province of *Temiswar* to the *Turks*: That the Emperor should demolish *Carensebeis*, *Lippa*, *Zenwock*, *Berske*, and *Sabla*, and never re-fortify them: The Islands of the Rivers *Save* and *Moresch* were to belong to the Emperor, but the Use of those Rivers to both. All Prisoners taken during the War to be exchanged, or ransomed: No Protection on either Side to be given to Rebels and Malecontents: The Papists in the *Turkish* Territories were to have the free Exercise of their Religion. The Czar, the King of *Poland*, and the Republick of *Venice*, were comprehended in this Treaty; but Count *Teckely* was excluded. The Grand Seignior made him, by way of Compensation, Prince of *Weddon*, *Caransebeis*, and *Lugos*, with their Dependencies. Thus we have brought down the History of the House of *Austria* to the Beginning of the present Century, in as little room as it was possible; insisting more at large on such Points as may serve to give the Reader a clear Insight into the present State of Things, and passing over more lightly such Events as appear to have little or no Connection with the present System of Affairs; and in the next Section we propose to conclude this Subject.

The END of NUMBER XVIII.